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The Man From the Moon

Or The Reign of Self

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THE MAN FROM THE MOON

THE MAN FROM THE MOON

OR

THE REIGN OF SELF

A STORY
IN RHYME

For Good Old Boys and Girls

BY
P. Q.

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TO THE POST GRADUATES IN THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE

who have witnessed the parade, ridden on the merry-go-round, been to the show, observed the acrobats, ridden the trick mule, seen the monkey ride the elephant, shot the shutes, and bumped the bumps, these rhymes are respectfully dedicated.

The poet Burns hath said:
"But thin partitions do divide
The bounds where good and ill reside;"
But when we look and search with care
We do not find partitions there.
For woven by the loom of Strife,
Into one fabric made,
Are all the varied threads of life
And interests of trade,
There in the web revealing,
In the texture, in the shade,
Every strand of thought and feeling
Out of which the web is made.
And there are threads of sin
And threads of folly too,
Together woven in;
And when the web is done,
The good, the bad, the false and true,
Are woven into one.

"Self will rule with stern command,
Nor yield the power to love;—
The world will ever feel his hand,
Though cased in silken glove."

Clown's song.

OVERTURE

I phoned to the Castle of Ivy Green Towers
To send me a muse; but they all were employed;
Some weaving chaplets of fancy's bright flowers
Plucked in the realms of the mystical void;—

Some sat in the twilight and sang of the soul,
Or chanted creation's wonderful scheme;
While some kept an eye on a far away goal
Wrapped up in the mists of a dream.

Some sang of the love that is tender and pure,
While some on the violet lavished their praise;
Some gathered wild flowers on meadow and moor
And tied them together in little bouquets.

Some of them went chasing light thistle-down sighs,
The soft sad breathings of languishing ladies;
While some of them sat and kept rolling their eyes,
Wailing weird songs of death and of Hades.

Some sat and knit sonnets as tokens of love;
Some to the anemone poured their devotion;
Some sang to the stars that twinkle above,
And some to the foam tossed up by the ocean.

Some of them were busy just weaving festoons;
And others the bubbles of fancy were blowing;
While some went sailing in little balloons
Who never knew where they were going.

One hot air balloon out adrift on the breeze
Floated up in the dome of the sky,
Where a muse in pink tights danced on a trapeze
And curtsied to clouds that sailed by.

Some went in pursuit of pale glimmering lights,
Wild will-o-the-wisps of the fen;
Some sang sweet songs at inaudible heights,
All unheard by the children of men.

Some were at work for the newspaper folks
Who strove to be jolly and gay,
Picking up puns, galvanizing old jokes,
Playing tag with the news of the day.

While some out afloat on a river of rhyme
Were drifting along in the wake of a dream.
They all were employed and never had time
To adorn or illumine my theme.

So a message I sent over long distance phone
To one of the muses in charge of the stable,
To send me a Pegasus,—bay or a roan,
With wings like the ones that we read of in fable.

But promptly the muse phoned back in reply,
That all of the Pegasi, all they had there,
Were jaded and winded, unable to fly,
Excepting the one she called the Night Mare;

That newspaper bards under contract to fill,
Day by day, a soul stirring column or more,
Each used a winged horse to turn a tread mill;
And all the winged horses were jaded and sore,

Excepting the Night Mare; and so I took her.
That will heed neither rowel nor rein;
Sometimes she will fly, sometimes she won't stir,
Then madly chase down each by-path and lane.

And that is the reason my story runs queer;—
The muses were busy, winged horses all blowed,
Excepting the one no mortal can steer,
Turn from her course or keep in the road.

THE MAN FROM THE MOON

No light but the dim flickering lamps on the street;
The stars were asleep in the sky;—
No rumbling of wagons or trampling of feet—
Only the Night Watch strolling by.

The City lay slumbering all quiet and still,
While I lay awake half adream in my bed
And odd visions and fancies in spite of my will
Held a gay mardigras there in my head.

And fragments of rhyme, bits of old memories,
The fancies of youth's bright hours,
Came flitting along—kept buzzing like bees,
While scenting the fragrance of flowers.

One busy old bee kept a buzzing to me
A rhyme of the wind and the old hollow tree,
The hollow old world and its hollow old crew;
All hollow their ways, and hollow their praise,
And hollow the things that they do.

And though I kept winking, yet still I kept thinking
How much of that rhyme is true.
The clock on the wall kept a talking to me,
And whatever my fancy said,
That clock on the wall—it would always agree,

And keep on repeating the same words to me
That fancy put into my head.
But weary at last of the monotone sound,
Bo-peep, Bo-peep, Bo-peep,
I got out of bed with a spring and a bound
And put that clock to sleep.

Then the ghost of the clock came and sat on the shelf,
And it worried me more than the old clock itself;
For it whispered its ticks so faint and so low
That I couldn't hear, though I wanted to know
What the ghost of the clock was saying.
I thought about angels and thought about men,
And thought about monkeys playing;
I counted a hundred and counted again;
But all of my efforts were futile and vain,
Till at last I fell into a snooze
While thinking of something that happened in Maine,
And my thinker went off on a cruise;
Without rudder or sail, went chasing a whale
That had a beer garden on top of his back.
And had a blue ribbon tied onto his tail;
But when the big creature jumped into my smack,
It first was a fairy, and then a canary.
Then zip and go-bang!
I was over in China, myself and Melvina,
Talking to Li Hung Chang.

And there were the Boxers, and there was boss
Croker
On top of a tiger; and there was Tsi Ann
In Purple and yellow.
And then I was riding along in a smoker;—
But when the conductor, half monkey, half
man,
A queer looking fellow,
Reached out for my ticket, I slipped through a
wicket
Into a park where there was a fair,
A fair for all nations on Earth and the Moon,
People were there from everywhere;
And down from the Moon there came a balloon,
And in it a man built on a new plan,
Who came to attend the Congress of Nations;
Never stopped on the way; there were no way
stations—
Except at Chicago, he stopped awhile there
To consult the Health Doctor and call on the
Mayor,
And also take on a supply of hot air.

The Doctor's advice, from A through to
Izzard,
Was "Open the windows and let in the
blizzard
To paralyze microbes and things of that ilk,"
And he had one to show, as big as a lizard,
He caught swimming around in a bowl of new
milk.

The people, said he, must not drink milk at all,
Until an M. D., for a penny a quart,
Has held a post mortem, and made his report;

Except from a cow, that can show in her stall,
An M. D's certificate tacked on the wall,
Duly attested, to let the world know
That she's been inspected by Dr. Von Blow,
Who has tested her lung, and looked at her tongue,
And certifies:—"Ann, or Moll, or Marilla,
Is now in good health and free from bacilli."

The Moon-man arose—bowed low to the Dōc,
And said he must leave at two by the clock.
But when he had interviewed Evans and Bussie,
Filled his balloon and was ready to fly,
He heard of I Will, a hoydenish hussy,
Who danced in the ballet while yet she wore bibs,
And chucked Opportunity under the ribs,
At an age when most maidens are shy.

'Twas at the salon of his Honor, the Mayor,
Where above the rattle of schooners was heard

The voice of the bar-keep shooting hot air.
He stoutly affirmed—"I Will was the bird
That always stood pat wherever she stood,
With her feet planted two feet apart;
Who loved to kick just as high as she could,
And doted on music and art.
Who, on occasion, might simper and smile,
But was haughty and proud, and talked so loud,
Her voice could be heard for a mile.

The boys of the push all avowed she was sweet,
Her jewels were rich and rare;
She put them all on when she went on the street,
And greeted the world with a stare.
And when she was chided or twitted with graft,
I Will didn't care;
She only just tittered and laughed,
And wore bigger rats in her hair.

"I think I must see that marvelous girl,"
Said the Man from the Moon with his head in a swirl;
So he went out to call on that maiden so pert,
Intending to pay his regards;
But loitered to see a big fire enjine squirt;—
Till along came a friend who proffered to take
His Honor to see the big hole in the lake,
Right in front of Montgomery Wards.

They went off together; but ere they got far,
A cop hove in sight, by the name of O'Dowd,
Who, just as they turned to enter a car,
Asked where they were going. The Moon Man replied
"To the Hole in the Lake;" the friend stepped aside,
Disappeared and was lost in the crowd.

The Moon Man continued, inquiring of all
He met by the way, concerning that wonderful hole,
And the home of I Will, intending to call
At her beautiful palace, the old City Hall.
But when he arrived, she'd gone on a stroll,
And no one knew whether
She'd eloped with the Boss, or George E. Cole,
Or both of her lovers together.

Or perhaps, at a banquet of liquified corn, wind pudding and fudges,
She'd been indiscreet, and was now out of sight.
Or may be that in fear of the high Wayman who held up the Judges,
She had retired early and blown out the light.

The Man from the Moon now found his balloon
Inflated with sterilized air,
And rarefied dreams, that swelled out the seams;
And he knew that the Doc had been there.

So, without a microbe, he sailed round the Globe,
And landed next day at the fair.

THE MAGIC WAND

This man from the Moon had a wonderful charm,
A strange and magical wand;
'Twould banish the devil, abolish an evil
At only the waive of a hand;—
Do away with all harm or cause of alarm,
When people in unison made the demand;—
Or when by a thousand or more of a trade,
Craft or profession, demand should be made.
* * * * * * *
The Moon-man was eager at once to begin
The work of reform, the extinction of sin.
Unshaken his faith in justice and truth,
His courage was strong like the courage of youth.
He had not yet learned by experience sad,
The kinship there is 'tween the good and the bad;
Nor knew he as yet that the wheat and the weed
Their roots interweave in the soil where they feed,
And always at harvest together are found,
And in the same sheaves are gathered and bound;—
Nor that in the field where is growing the corn,

Lie buried the seeds of weed, thistle and thorn;
And ever the rain and the sunlight that fall,
Giving life to the one, give life to them all.
We cut down the brambles; we pull out the weeds—
The winds and the birds have scattered the seeds;
And the warmer the sunshine, more frequent the rain,
The sooner the tares are all blooming again.

The Moon-man had come to set the world right,
And that he might finish his task before night,
He hurried away, in haste to begin
The work of reform, the extinction of sin.

THE MOON MAN AND THE LAWYERS

He called on the Lawyers who there were in
session
Extolling their noble and learned profession
In words that were grand and sonorous—
An occasion on which the lawyers agree
In an "I tickle you, and you tickle me,"
And lustily join in the chorus:—
That, "while the Lawyers are true to their
mission,
Justice is sure, the right will prevail;
But the Country would go with a plunge to
perdition
The instant the Lawyers let go of the tail."
The Moon Man approached—he was sure of
success;
With confident air he began his address,
And told of the magical wand,
Then made an appeal to that noble profession
To take it and drive from the land
All fraud and all evil, all wrong and oppression,
All bickering strife and needless contention.
That noble profession in great apprehension
Sat nervously fidgeting there in their seats,
As judges sometimes when a lawyer repeats
Or fumbles his logic and law,
Until an old fellow too genially mellow
To feel either reverence or awe
Jumped up and thus curtly but frankly replied;

"O go to the devil; we'll keep the world level";
And then, *sotto voce,* said in an aside:
"We don't want his stick; it does it too quick;
The longer the road is the longer the ride."
Then the Man from the Moon undaunted and calm
Bade the lawyers good day with a sweeping salaam.

In an aside.

THE MOON MAN AND THE DOCTORS

There's no poetry in doctors and diseases,
Drugs, ill smelling herbs and erysipilas,
Sprains and fractures, phthisis, coughs and sneezes;
So, if you like, skip over this.
Skip and pass; this is only an emulsion
Of rhyme and measure pounded into blending,
Which to read, you are under no compulsion;
If you skip, there are no penalities attending.
* * * * * * *
The doctors in convention
Were all gathered there discussing human ills.
They had a big contention
About bacteria, the fever and the chills;
Were engaged in polemics
About sore throat, croup, influenza and roup,
And other epidemics;
Splints, lints and turpentine, and also porous plasters;—
Some things to cool the blood, and some to make caloric;
Prescriptions for diseases and disasters,
And also paregoric.

How they had progressed! They had learned
to diagnose,
To nominate the trouble, though they didn't
know the dose.
And they had found the germs, the naughty
little worms,
That wriggle through the viscera of the human
system;
And they had 'em christened!
Though when they tried to spear 'em, somehow
they always missed 'em,
Yet still they had 'em christened,
And rattled off their names while he stood
there and listened.
The Man from the Moon was posted in philosophy,
Had heard a woman there who talked about
theosophy,
Had been to seances where ghosts come out and
walk,
Seen spirit forms, and heard dead "injuns"
talk;
But nothing just like this, never such a chatter.
He listened; thought they talked of anthropology
Or else, perhaps, they talked about mythology,
Until a doctor there explained to him the clatter.
Then waiving his wand
The Man from the Moon began to explain
How to cure sickness and drive away pain
Just at the wave of a hand.

But not a word more was permitted to utter:
The doctors began all to spit and to sputter:
"He wants to take from us our bread and our butter.
We *'never kill the goose that lays the golden egg—*
He who kills his goose will surely starve or beg."

HE SEES THEM ALL

He saw the Eclectics and Allopathists,
  Dietestists, Homeopathists,
Hydropathists, Osteopathists,
Surgeons, Dentists, Dermatologists,
  Gynecologists, Phlebottomists,
Nosologists, Aurists and Oculists,
Christian Scientists, Chiropodists,
  Neurologists and Alienists—
All of them philanthropists.
But at us they shook their fists,
  And answered back with heat,
That they meant to toll their grists,
  And did not want a wand
That would grind up all the wheat
  At the waving of a hand.

The Scientists, they had a charm they said,
A rosary of words strung on a slender thread,
And guaranteed to cure a fever or a phthisic,
Mend a wooden peg, or grow another leg,

Or wake the sleeping dead, without one grain
of physic.
Disease is but a notion that gets into one's
head;—
People do not die; *they only think they're dead;*

"Thinks he's dead."

And all they need to do is just be blythe and
gay,
Give "mortal mind" a twist and think the other
way.
A scientist, by means of silent prayer,
Can stop an aching tooth, turn old age into
youth,
Or cover old bald heads with coats of shining
hair;—
One at a time though; and while they cure the
soul,
Mortal mind does not forget to gather in the
toll.

HE CALLS ON DOWIE

And then he called on Dowie,
The Lord's own chief commander.
And I will tell you how he,
This faith cure Alexander,

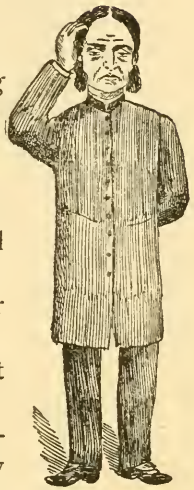
Listened to the story,
The story of the wand.
Instead of shouting glory,
He pranced and he cavorted;

He ranted and he snorted;
Then grandly waved his hand;
And we knew it was no use.
For Dowie rode on top,
And Dowie had a goose
That laid a golden egg,
And always let one drop
When Dowie pulled its leg.

THE MOON MAN AND THE PREACHERS

The Man from the Moon then went round where the teachers
Of Faith, Hope and Charity met at the fair;
The story he told of the wand to the preachers,
And then they united in prayer.
"All they who by sorrow and sin are enslaved,
By means of this magical wand,
Will all be redeemed, their souls will be saved
At only the wave of a hand."
The preachers clapped hands and shouted "Amen"!
"Salvation is free"; then shouted again:

"Salvation is free; praise be to the Lord!
And blessed be He, and blessed his Word"!
And then they got thinking:—
They could not afford
To save the whole people in one big herd.
So they hemmed and they hawed—
Kept saying: "Praise Gawd"!
But 'twas plain they were vexed,
And racking their wits for a biblical text,
To frame an excuse, some pretext or other,
Some side track on which they might shunt the dear brother,
Get him away or make him let loose;—
Don't know how they did it; but they saved their goose.



Got thinking.

WOMAN'S CLUBS

He called upon the ladies
Of all the woman's clubs.
Trigged out in fine array
He found these social hubs
All whirling in the play
"Society's reform."
But the bewitching elves,
They told him "Go to Hades!
They wanted no reform
They did not run themselves."
For by their moral capers,
Fighting slums and booze,
They got into the papers
Among the "Who-is-whos";
And never were they sadder
Than when the Moon Man came

To carry off the ladder
On which they climbed to fame.
He saw a notice there
Somewhat obscured by flowers,
"Please do not trespass here
On these preserves of ours."
And there he saw a man
With a turban on his head,
"A Prince from Indoostan"—
So all the ladies said—
Who made a gracious bow,
Explained the unexplainable,
And taught the ladies how
To attain the unattainable.
He saw some little creatures
With strange peculiar features,
But soft and sleek of fur,
And of some little lads
Asked what the creatures were.
"Them things," replied the lads,
"That only has one eye?
Why, them there things is fads,
Belong to Miss O Mye."
Of ladies there, a few
Compounded from aesthetics
As pure as mountain dew,
A species of cosmetics,
With which they either hid
Or gave a rosy hue
To naughty things they did.
They overflowed with zeal

For what is good and true,
And for the common weal.
They had a lofty aim,
And always pointed high
At some celestial game
They saw up in the sky.
But they did not want the charm;
For the wand they had no use.
They rallied in alarm
To save their little goose.

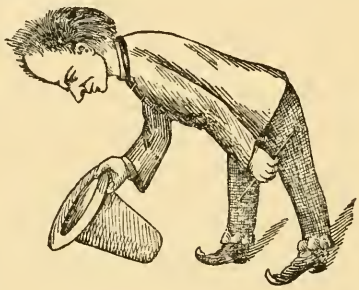
HE APPEALS TO THE JUDGES

He called on the judges, wise men of high station.
All dressed in black gowns and wearing big wigs,
There sitting *en bank* and, in deep cogitation,
Inspiring great awe;
Devising more ways to make lawyers dance jigs,
Legal contortions, the cause of abortions
In justice and law.

And while we were waiting a lawyer rushed out
His face flushed with anger, and I heard him shout:
"The pompous old fudges

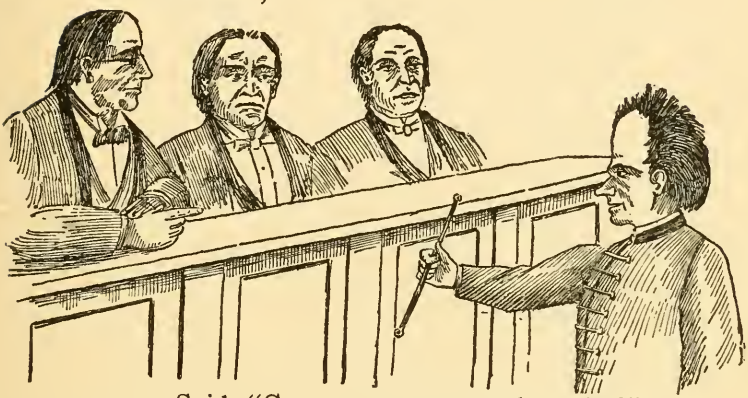
Make use of spy glasses just hunting up quibbles,
While justice they deal out in very small dribbles.
We ought to have judges
With some breadth of vision, who know that the law
Is not to be quirked
Or turned from its course by some petty flaw
Or trick that is worked.
They miss the plain sense, on the letter lay stress;
A jungle of precedents hinders their view;
The law they conceive as a play of finesse
Like Japanese game of *jiujitsu*.
The rules of procedure they turn into snares,
And, Justice is caught in the technical noose,
While judges adept in the splitting of hairs
Are ever alert to find legal excuse.
And he who appeals to the court for redress,
He watches, he waits, while the years roll away;
And all that he gains in the game of finesse
Is wasted, or lost in the end, by delay.
They fumble their calendars, plan and contrive
Your case on some call to dismiss;
You never can tell when the time may arrive,
They'll serve you with justice like this.
The man with a pull though, may bet on his toss;
For even the judges kow-tow to the boss."

"The slippery old fakirs, they fuss and they fumble,
And some of them shirk.
The lawyers don't like it, they fret and they grumble,
But most of them work.
The pokey old codgers have so fiddle-faddled,
Though the goose is alive, the eggs are all addled."

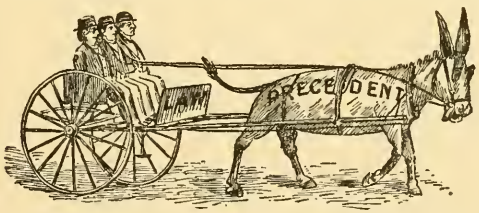


The Moon man approached, and he bowed very low.
"Your Honors," said he,
"To right, truth and justice devoted, I know
Will listen to me."
And then he discoursed of the wonderful charm
Of the wand that he bore.
The judges grew restless and showed their alarm;
For it was like nothing they'd heard of before;
And one fuddy fuddy,

Who for thirty long years had sat at the fountain
And kept the pool muddy,
Who knew no distinction 'tween mole hill and mountain,



Said, "Can you some precedent cite?"
From precedents sir, we do never depart;
We thereby make sure we are right,
We follow the trail of our grandfather's cart.



The Man from the Moon then made haste to depart,
And the judges rode on in their grand-daddy's cart.

HE SEES THE NEWSPAPER MEN

The Man from the Moon now gave his attention
To newspaper men who there in convention
Were gathered;—about three acres
Of editors, writers, reporters and fakirs.
They listened, took notes as paper men do—
The best of attention until he got through.
And then they arose in the wildest uproar
And all tried at once to get out at the door;
And every man ran with a shout and a whoop
To beat all the others and send in a scoop.
Then raucous and loud came the newsboy's shout:
"Here's your *Daily Alarm* and *Evening Blow Out.*"
"Latest edition"—The Moon Man took two,
One of them pink, the other one blue,
And scanning the head lines over he read:
"Great Railway Disaster, Twenty-Three Dead";
"England and France Preparing for War";
"Miss Van Tassel Elopes with the Prince of Jahore";
"Dr. Hopkinson Shadd says the Ladies Get Drunk;
And Pulpits are Full of Rusty Old Junk";
"Coyotes and Weasels,—Score Seven to Ten";
"Professor von Skeesics is Talking Again";

"The Kaiser is Captured by Bandits in Greece,"
"King Edward Arrested by Irish Police";
"Dazed by the Lime-light, Monseignieur kicks high,
The Toe of his Boot makes a Hole in the Sky;
And Twenty-nine Millions will have to be Paid,
To Cover the Hole Monseignieur has Made."
The Moon Man read on in silence awhile,
Then looking away, with a weary, sad smile,
Said aloud to himself:
"The men who are shapers of thought and opinion,
The men who run papers and wield a dominion
Over the grandest domain in the world,
Hurling their spears and javelins at sin
Wherever the lance of free thought may be hurled,
Making a fearful and deafening din,
You think it must be that they're fighting the devil,
Or at least are pursuing
Some one of his imps, some monster of evil,
At whom they all shout and incessantly rail;
But what they are doing
Is whooping the hounds on an anise seed trail.
At every tame goose they go banging away:
They fire in the thicket at every blue jay,
At every tame bunny that crosses the track:
Don't care for the game—*they're after the crack.*

Reform! You think they are eager at once to
begin it;
But they shout reform for the noise there is in
it;
Not that some evil they seek to destroy,
But that themselves they may keep in employ.
They kill the devil? or drive him away?
Wouldn't give him sick leave for half of a day.
What a strange world! Everything is so fixed
The good and the bad are all tangled and
mixed."

HIS LAST APPEAL

The Moon Man's appeals as yet had been vain,
For every profession made answer the same;
Some motive of self shaped the life of each
man,
And ran through and through the entire social
plan;
And though hid by the woof of fancies' bright
dreams,
Was plain to be seen in the raveled out seams,
Where the hard twisted threads of the warp
were revealed,
That the fluff and the sheen of the woof had
concealed.
Even Religion had self for its goal,
Every man scheming to save his own soul
From a menacing spectre that dwelt in the
clouds

And took men in charge when they got in their shrouds;
Whose favor they ever were striving to win,
Not by foregoing the profits of sin,
But by converting the Turk and Hindoo,
Chastising the skeptic and baiting the Jew,
Bewailing their sorrows, their troubles and cares,
Counting their beads and muttering their prayers
To an Ogre so jealous, self-centered and grim,
Every soul was constrained to pay tribute to him.
So to an unseen impalpable ghost
Men bowed and paid homage, a myriad host;
And cringing in fear of his chastening rod,
They slaughtered each other defending their god.
The sinner, in fear for the peace of his wraith,
Fell in the procession and joined in the faith;
The vilest of sinners knelt down and confessed,
Jumped in the band wagon and rode with the rest;
Rode to escape from the merciless ire
Of the Czar in the clouds with his furnace of fire,
Where the soul of the skeptic who ventures to doubt
Is roasted forever and never gets out.
And men were afraid lest a flaw in belief
Might anger the Spectre and bring them to grief.

So smothered their doubts, or hid them away
And viewed them askance with a wink,
Gave no heed to what reason might say,
And never dared venture to think;
But bowed to the ghost that scowled in the sky,
Accepted the creed and never asked why;
For the weak in the faith, who faltered and fell,
Were banished by solemn decree,
Imprisoned in Hades like frogs in a well,
Until the good priest with indulgence to sell
Secured their release for a fee.
The gates of Heaven were closed and barred;
No skeptic could ever get through;
For vigilant priests were mounted on guard;
The guard never slept and never withdrew.
But when an old rounder was shrived of his sin,
By Father O'Leary or Father O'Rouke,
He had no trouble at all to get in
On a pass from a friend of the Spook.
The Man from the Moon nid-nodded his head
As he talked to himself. "This world," he said
"Is a very queer world where cunning and craft
Harness the ghosts in the service of graft;
Where all talk reform, but never agree,
Since each for himself prefers to be free.
In a strenuous life they prey on each other,
Each wanting reform but to hobble his brother,
Each eager to strike every species of pelf,
But wanting no change that might hinder himself;—

Wants his neighbors dehorned; for then there would be
More room for himself at the trough;—
He wants reform, but will never agree
To have his own antlers sawed off."
The Man from the Moon was sore and perplexed,
In doubt what to do, or where to go next.
But hearing just then of a meeting of builders,
Carpenters, masons, painters and gilders,
Met to consider the wrongs they endure,
Capital robbing and grinding the poor,
The Moon Man addressed them and told of the wand
For these evils a cure,
And how, at the waive of the hand,
Homes would arise for the rich and the poor,
And buildings majestic and grand!
And there would be dwellings for all;
And nothing to pay.
"What, nothing to pay? Nothing to pay?"
They shouting replied from all over the hall,—
"Nothing to pay?"
Two hundred or more, in a concert of blab,
Stood out on the floor and shouted "scab, scab"!

* * * * * * *

The Moon Man said no more, they all began to scoff.
And climbed upon the stage intent to pull him off;

They gathered round the Moon Man, each
eager to get to him,
And striking wild and fierce they ran their fists
right through him,
And landed on the other side, each on a solid
brother.
So, aiming at the man of mist, they pounded
one another,
Each thinking that the Moon man was striking
straight at him,
While Mike was pounding Pat and Pat was
thumping Tim.
And thus the builders fought and won, and so
were quite content,
While Capital looked on and smiled; *for Labor
pays the rent.*

Just what the Moon Man thought of this I
never heard him say,
For in a form of floating mist the Moon Man
blew away.

I saw the Moon Man blow out at the door,
And quickly pursued, but saw him no more.
I wandered about in eager pursuit,
In search of the strange, mysterious guest,
And heard, as I passed, the sound of a lute.
I entered a hall; suspending my quest,
I sat for a time in the midst of a throng
That always clapped hands at the end of a
song.

A minstrel sat strumming a banjo awhile,
Keeping time to the tune that he picked on
the strings;

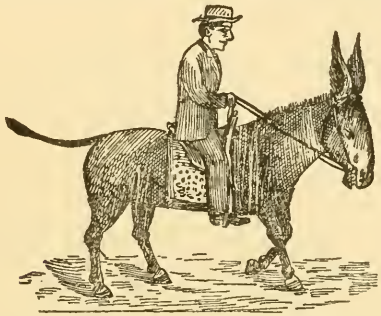
And then, with a broad Senegambian smile,
And many flip-flops, contortions and flings;
Sang three or four stanzas of doggeral verse;
And these are the lines that I heard him rehearse:—

"HITCHIN TO A HOLE IN THE GROUND."

Away out dar on de Arizona plain
Whar trees don't grow, for it seldom ebber rain,
Whar de plain reaches out to de sky all aroun,
And dar's not a fence nor a post to be foun,
De cowboy dar, when he gwine to take a nap,
He des tie a knot on de end ob de strap,
And right whar he stan, on de berry same spot,
Cut a hole in de ground; den he drop in de knot,
De plug on de top, and he den stamp it down,
And de hoss, it am hitched to a hole in de groun.
De waxum soil dar, it hol him so tight,
He can't get away though he pull all his might.
Dey calls dat a hitchin to a hole in de groun.

Dar was a man had a silber mounted saddle,
Flung it on a donk, and he rode away a straddle;—
Goin to de White-house, dat's what he say;
And he rode and he rode; but he rode de odder way.

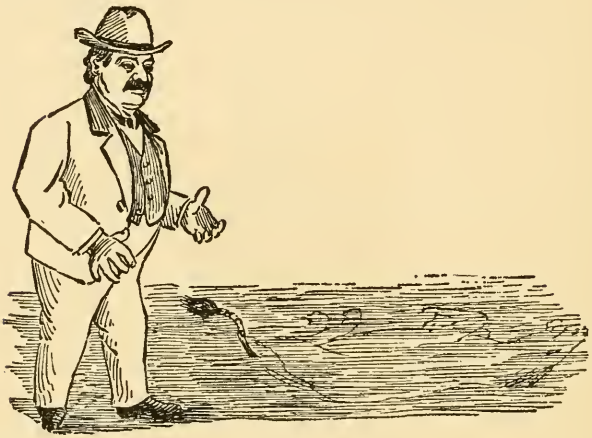
Rode way out on de bad lan plain
Whar nuffin ebber grow, for it seldom ebber rain;—
Rode and he rode, and he nebber look aroun
Till he hitch dat donk to a hole in de groun.



Who am dat man, banjo aint a gwine to say;
But he done hitch de donk and he can't get away;—
All he can do is to paw and to bray,
Away out dar on de bad lan plain,
Whar nuffin ebber grow, for it seldom ebber rain.
Des hitched out dar to a hole in de ground.

Poor ole donk! poor old donk! hab'nt any hay,
Nebber break de strap and he can't get away.
All he can do is to paw and to bray,
Away out dar whar de streams run dry,
And de prairies are panting for rain,

And de silber dome ob a cloudless sky
  Hang ober de sun parched plain—
Des hitched out dar a pawin in de ground.



Big fat man went a foolin aroun
  Huntin for de donk, but de fat man foun
Nuffin but de tail sticken out ob de groun;
  But de tail keep a floppin, and de tail say to Grober:
"Sixteen to one, sixteen to one," ober and ober;
  Away out dar whar de silber moon
Hang ober de track ob the hot monsoon;
  Whar de coyotes cry and de prairie dogs howl,
Den cuddle in togedder wid de snake an de owl,
  Des chucked in de hole dat he pawed in de groun.

* * * * * * *

A shining black minstrel then danced to the fore,
Sang a gay song, then one or two more;—
And this is the song that he sang for *en core:*

PUNCH AND JUDY.

A Punch and Judy sparring match
It come one year in four;
And den dey knock and bite and scratch
And poun each odder sore.

Punch for protection firmly hol,
An Judy for free-trade,
Also for silber shout an scol
Until *dat play am played.*

"Down wid de Trusts" ol Punch he shout,
And Jude, she shout de same.
Ol Punch and Judy turn about!
Dem people watch de game.

An des to hear dem puppets talk,
An see dem puppets fight,
Dem people all stan roun and gawk
From mornin unto night.

But dar's a man behin de screen;
An when a puppet squeak,
Aldo dat man am seldom seen,
It am de man dat speak.

He make dem puppets bounce an flop,
Make Judy rant an tear;—
Ol Punch, he make him jump on top
An tousle Judy's hair.

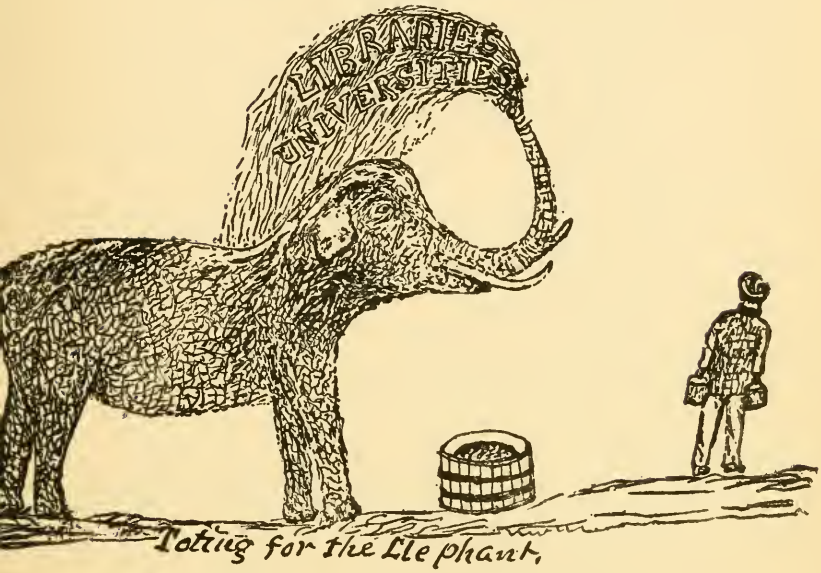
Dat man to whom I now alude,
He make dem puppets fight,
For in his lef hand he hol Jude
And hol Punch in his right.

And so dis Punch and Judy riot:—
Ole Money-bags, you know,
Des to keep dem people quiet,
He run dis puppet show.

* * * * * * *

And then a minstrel grey and gaunt
Came out and sang:

TOTING FOR THE ELEPHANT.



When I was a confiding lad and wonders yet were new,
And I believed the stories of the flaming posters true,
Out watching for the Elephant, I waited half a day,
And then I saw the Elephant about a mile away;—
And Oh, but I was happy when the band began to play!

And I made up my mind right then that I would
see the show,
But wouldn't tell my daddy lest he might not
let me go.
So I slipped off and ran away; but when I
found the tent,
My pocket-book was empty and I didn't have a
cent.

I asked the boss "could I go in"? The boss
said: "If I could
Tote water for the Elephant"—Of course I
said I would.
And so I toted water for the Elephant to sip,
Until I'd brought enough, I thought, enough
to float a ship.

And then I humbly asked the boss: "How much
does Jumbo drink?"
The boss, he made no answer; but I saw the
fellow wink.
And so I toted water till my back began to ache;
Then humbly asked the boss again how much
he thought 'twould take;
I didn't mind a tub or two, but couldn't tote the
lake.

And then the boss, he said to me, "Just run
along my sonny,
Tote water for the Elephant, unless you have
the money."

And so I toted water for the Elephant to drink;
I toted and I toted; but I couldn't fill the sink.

And so I've found it ever since;—'tis "run along my sonny,
Tote water for the Elephant"; Unless you have the money.
With men the same as little boys who don't save up their chink,—
They all are toting water for the Elephant to drink.

On easy payments they begin; they have no cash in bank,
And toting for the Elephant they must fill up the tank.
You're toting for the Elephant whenever you pay rent,
And toting for the Elephant you pay your cent per cent.
And so, forever toting on, grow weary, old and bent.

You tote and tote and trust at last the boss may let you in
To see the strut and swagger of the painted harlequin,
And see the gilded chariot go racing round the ring;

But still the boss keeps calling, and silent voices sing:
"Just run along my sonny, every bucketful you bring."

Professor Abner Darwin Jones
Then gave a recitation.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

In a neglected garden grew
All alone, and fair to view
A tender fragrant flower.
But in the soil there lay the seed
Of every kind of noxious weed;
And warmed by sunshine and by shower,
The weeds came pushing through.
There came the Mullen and the Dock,
And came the Rag-weed too.
The weeds were strong; they grew apace,
Such sturdy growth they made,
The flower grew pale and wan, and soon
Stood drooping in the shade.
Then to the Rag-weed said the Dock
"Indeed it gives me quite a shock,
To see our gentle friend the Flower,
So early droop and fade."

The Flower heard and breathed a sigh,
And gently then made this reply:
"The reason is quite plain to see;
You lusty weeds o'ershadow me";
You spread your roots and branches round,
Shut out the sun, shut out the dew,
As though this world were made for you;
You cover all the ground."

Then said the Mullen to the Dock:
"Our quiet friend must hustle;
I never hear her make a stir,
I never hear a rustle.
It is the strong that live and thrive;
Always the fittest do survive.
Our friend must do as we do, strive;
Our little friend must hustle".

So spake the Mullen to the crowd—
For Mullens all are frank—
To give assent the Rag-weed bowed;
The weeds grew tall and rank;
And underneath their clammy shade,
The earth was cold and dank.
The Flower faded day by day,
Drooped and died and passed away.
The Rag-weed, Mullen and the Dock
Survived and bloomed and stank.

Then came an old man with white flowing hair
Whose smile danced a waltz with the wrinkles
of care.
He sang a queer song, and sang in a tone
Half gay and half sad, a laugh and a moan
Commingling in one. He ambled along,
And then, in these words, concluded his song:

THE TOLL GATES.

In Rome we do as Romans do;
We kiss the pontiff's toe;
And still the traveled way pursue
As on through life we go.

'Tis true, my friends;—if you would like
To reach the happy goal,
You all must travel on the pike,
You all must pay the toll.

For selfishness stands at the gate,
To gather toll his trade;
And even Mercy there must wait
Until the toll is paid.

And through his gate no one may pass,
Who bears an empty purse;—
The priest is paid for saying mass,
The tollman halts the hearse.

And many gates are on the way;
At each a tollman stands,
Who, even while he kneels to pray,
Keeps holding out his hands.

Though while his eyes are upward rolled
He sees you not, but when
His palm is crossed with coin of gold,
The gate swings open then.

O many gates are on the way,
At each a tollman stands,
Who, even while he kneels to pray,
Keeps holding out his hands.

* * *

The minstrel bowed at the end of his song
And turned to go; but a clamoring throng
Called the old man back. He came with gentle
grace,

A smile playing over his care wrinkled face,
And then, in a far away lingering tone,
Like one who sings to himself all alone,
He sang this song:—

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Far o'er the wide expanding plain
Light hearted buoyant youth,
Now gazing, looks and looks again;
And there, in very truth,

He sees the mountains looming high,
The verdure on their slopes,
And just beyond, a painted sky,
The sunrise of his hopes.

The mountain seems so very near,
So short the way between,
He bounds away with hearty cheer
To climb its slopes of green.

The woodland bloom with fragrance fills
His pathway through the glen;
His song, re-echoed from the hills,
Comes laughing back again.

And then across the plain he sees,
As far as sight is borne,
The hill tops and the clustered trees,
That hill and vale adorn.

But just beyond, in clearer light,
He sees the shining goal,
And thinks, to reach that mountain height
Is but a morning's stroll.

But there are things he hath not seen,
Though bright and clear the morn—
The sterile sands, the deep ravine,
The bramble and the thorn.

For underneath the glittering sheen
Of morning's rosy light,
The long and winding path between
Lay hidden from his sight.

So he goes singing on his way,
And shouts a glad refrain;
But sinks to rest at noon of day,
Still on the level plain.

Revived again, he trusts, ere long,
That mountain slope to climb;
But sings no more the gladsome song
He sang at morning's prime.

And when the sun is in the West
  And half way down the sky,
He looks upon that mountain crest
  And checks a rising sigh.

Still trudging on at eve of day,
  He weary is, and worn;
That mountain seems as far away
  As when he looked at morn.

The sun goes down; on comes the Night;
  The way is long between;
He will not scale that mountain height
  Nor climb its slopes of green.

Upon the plain he lies asleep,
  The clouds go drifting by;
Their trailing shadows o'er him creep,
  The Night winds moan and sigh.

* * *

The old man retired; the orchestra played,
And then I withdrew; for I was afraid
The Man from the Moon would escape if I stayed.
The search I continued all over the ground;
But of the Moon Man no trace could be found;
And no one knew in what manner he went.
I found his balloon; it was changed to a tent;
  Within was a show;

A throng of ten thousand encircled a ring
Where a painted clown
Stood bowing and waiting, and ready to sing;
And he sang this song:—

THE SONG OF THE CLOWN.

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given."
So sang the poet long ago,
To this conclusion driven.

The clown has been behind the scenes;
He knows the mystic lore,
Knows how they make up kings and queens,
And make the thunder roar.

He knows the way the play is played,
  Has worn the gilded crown,
And coat all decked with tinsel braid,
  Seen Fortune smile and frown.

And now he tells you while he sings,
  That queens are made of gowns;
That angels all wear paper wings,
  And kings are made of clowns.

* * *

Always through scenes of toil and strife
  It is his fate to roam;—
The clown, he leads a wandering life;
  He makes the world his home.

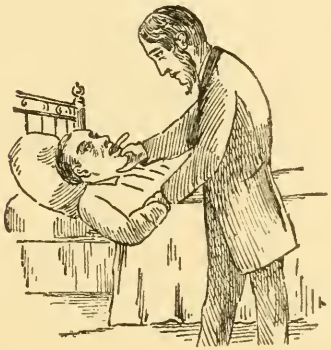
He mingles with the passing throng;
  He gayly plays his part,
And ever sings a merry song
  To cheer the weary heart.

And though at times a sober strain
  May thread his rhymes along;
And though, sometimes, a sad refrain
  May creep into his song,

Yet still, the old and battered clown
  Will strive to do his best,
And help this sad old world to drown
  Its sorrow in a jest.

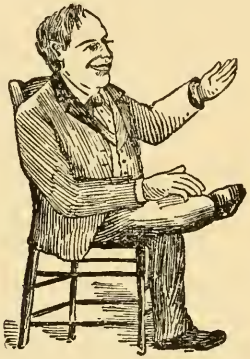
OLD DOC BROWN.

Old Jones falls down
And sprains his back:—
He calls in Doctor Brown,
A glib old quack,
Who tests his lung,
Inspects his tongue



And looks tremendous wise.
And poor old Jones
Lies there and moans
While Doc looks on and sighs.
With right good will
Jones takes a pill
And every day takes four,
With greatest punctuality,
And every night three more.

That is the way, you know,
Although in reality,
The pills are made of dough; —
And so the doctors do.
When Jones gets well
He loves to tell
How old Doc "pulled him through."



The old, old play,
The doctor and the pill.
The world is run that way;
And Jones, *he pays the bill.*

* * *

Men will get tight,
And then they fight;
And that is right;
For men were made that way.
Then in the jug
They go ker-chug,
Each ugly mug,

But don't have long to stay.
Some lawyer bright
Hears of that fight,
And they are out next day.
And that is right;
'Tis but a splash of spray,
A broken rift
Of foam and drift,
The wind and waves at play.
And what were life
Without its strife,
Its eager throb and thrill,
Its surge and splash,
Its dare and dash—
Without its San Juan hill.

* * *

THE REFORMER.

Erect upon a big white horse
With flowing tail and mane,
He splurges round the quarter course
And then goes round again.

He loves to trail across the mead
And toot his hunting horn;
To ride a prancing foam flecked steed
And trample down the corn.

He loves to hunt the OCTOPUS,
So big and fierce and black;
Fire his resounding blunderbuss;
He loves to hear it crack.

He loves to shoot, he loves to toot;
And shout the brave defy.
And all trigged out in grand array,
Adorned with sash and big cockade,
Adown the line on muster day,
He loves to ride on dress parade
And give the crowd the grand salute,
As he goes prancing by.

* * *

Thus love of self supplies the spring
That makes the wheels go round,
And vanity is but the key
With which the spring is wound.

* * *

THE FAKIRS.

Some measure of fiction doth help to advance
Scheme of religion or scheme of finance—
We like the wine better when told it's from France.

In ways of the world a man may be wise,
Yet hunt up a fakir to pilot the skies,
And trust him the more for his marvelous lies.

The crowd must have leaders like Dowie or Moses
Who understand how to put rings in their noses,
And lead them and guide them where figs grow, and roses.

The truth we revere and adore; but alas!
The people will bow to an image of brass,
Hear the voice of the Lord in the bray of an ass,

Give faith to a story that mystics have told,
Chase after rainbows for kettles of gold,
And follow the fakir like sheep to the fold.

While reason and sense with candor may plead
Some "friend of the Lord" will bounce in the lead,
Whose trumpet's loud blare the people will heed;—

Some Eddy, Joe Smith or Dowie or Teed;
And the noblest religion can never succeed
Unless some alloy be mixed in the creed.

And though you may think that my notion is quaint,
Yet when he is dead and memory faint,
The fakir may pass for a very good saint.

For many a saint, if measured and weighed,
Would be found to be only the lingering shade
Of one who, alive, was a fakir by trade.

A Fakir, though not a bad shepherd for that,
Who, luring his flock to pastures fat,
Dipped phantom salt from an empty hat.

The Clown Makes A Sonnet.

With downy feathers dropped from Fancy's wing
Faith builds her nest, wherein she rears her brood,
Bright plumaged Hopes, that ever chirp and sing
The cheery notes that through life's forest ring,
To keep the traveler in helpful mood
As through the lonely glen of solitude
He wends his way to life's Eternal Spring—
Along the traveled path where Reason stops
To note each bud and bloom with curious eye,
And into every hidden secret pry,
Faith builds no nest, but in sequestered copse
Where meddling science rarely passeth by.
And here she rears her brood till "fleet and strong"
They fly away to fill the world with song.

WHAT THE WAGON SAID.

When you hear a wagon screech,
As some old wagons do,
It is the wagon's speech,
That wagon talks to you.
Talks on and on without surcease;
And many a squeaking byke
Is calling out for grease
As it goes down the pike.

So when a cop comes fierce and gruff,
Grouchy, loud and talking rough,
Don't get hot,
Don't lose your head,
But just remember what
The wise old wagon said.
For if to court you fare
Like a confiding goose,
They'll surely pluck your feathers there
Before they turn you loose.

JUSTICE IN CHICAGO.

Did you ever watch the law go
Dealing justice in Chicago?
Grand procession, *plumes on the hearse!*
A splendid show, moving slow—
All comes out of the dead man's purse.
Ever have a case on call,
Six long weeks through Summer and through Fall?
Ever drive a balky mare
'Long a swampy road through mud and slush,
Have her stop stone still and just stand there
In the mud, when you were on a rush?
Ever see a man who had chorea?
Then, perhaps, you may have some idea
Of the way they make the law go
Dealing justice in Chicago.

Ever run the gauntlet of the law?
Years of waiting, quibble quirk and flaw?

Where behind a mask of rules
The cunning craftsman plies his tools,
Or prowls the legal byways and commands
Belated Justice to hold up her hands?
Did'st ever run that gauntlet through,
And then the gauntlet of review
In tribunal of Appeals?
A quibble in the slot device
Full of hidden springs and wheels,
So automatic and precise
A verbal flaw or petty quirk
Dropped in the slot will make it work?
That's the way they make the law go
Dealing justice in Chicago;—
Grand procession, *plumes on the hearse!*
A splendid show, moving slow;—
All comes out of the dead man's purse.

* * *

THE NEWSPAPERS.

Tramping through the ooze,
Chuckling with delight,
Gathering the news
Of a brawl or a fight,
A story of fraud
A fire or a flood,
Escapades of a bawd,
Or a story of blood.
Seeking after sorrow
And sin to proclaim

Then hawking tomorrow
A story of shame.
Ruthless and unheeding,
Chasing after gain,
Coining into pennies
The world's cry of pain.

They shriek and they howl,
And they print day by day,
The hoots of an owl
That is hooting for pay;
An owl in a cage
That sits there and blinks,
Looks like a sage
And thinks that it thinks;
But hoots either way
As the manager winks.

They watch for the gales,
They reef and they tack,
Keep shifting their sails,
Go forward and back,
And eager to please,
They always keep going
The way that the breeze
Appears to be blowing.

Always with the Nation
There's something the matter.
To find a sensation
And keep up a clatter,

They scour all creation,
  They splash and they splatter;
Assert and deny,
  They chatter and chatter;
They boast and defy,
  They fawn and they flatter;
Laud some to the sky
  And some they bespatter;
Soil a fair name
  With a slanderous touch,
Then atone for the same
  With wipe at the smutch.
Go the full tether
  Of bluster and bluff,
And all sneeze together
  When Croesus takes snuff.

With daily reports
Of gambling resorts
And racing and sports
Displayed in red ink
Or printed on pink;
With columns of preaching
And ethical teaching,
Severe moral strictures
And prize-fighting pictures,
Gossip kept humming
And demagogues blowing,
They catch the crowd coming
And catch the crowd going.

Round and round they dance,
Then tip-toe down the middle,
Recede and then advance—
The devil plays the fiddle.

Out and in they waltz with sin,
And when the play is loud,
Under cover of the din,
They work the gaping crowd,
The crowd is for Reform of course
And every man and boy
Turns out to whoop the Trojan horse,
In through the gates of Troy.

They'll advertise a quack
Or boost along a fake,
And prove that white is black
For the money that they take.
They tell you in their ads
Of stuff to make your hair grow
And sure cure liver pads;
For money makes the mare go,
And money pays for ads.

They tell you twice a day
That Mrs. Jingo P.
Has just arrived or gone away
To London or *Paris;*
What Mrs. Jingo has to say,
And how she sips her tea;
Where she sat when at the play,
And how she felt at sea;

What Mrs. Jingo thinks,
When she's sad, and when she's gay,
When she smiles, and when she winks.
For Mr. Jingo P,
The man who pays the freight,
He runs a famous hostelry,
And is a man of weight.

With lofty view and noble aim
Paraded day by day,
They ever play a sordid game
To make the paper pay.
And no matter what they claim,
Or what the Owl may say,
We all know just the same
That they are run that way.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.

The gentle shepherd guards his sheep,
Attends with patient care;
And always near the grazing flock
In quiet shady nook,
We see a shepherd standing there
Reclining on his crook.

The faithful shepherd loves his sheep,
His barns are filled with hay;
He drives the bleating flock afield,
He keeps the wolves at bay;

And always, too, of yellow corn
His granaries are full;
But then his hose are knit of yarn,
His coat is wove of wool.

The shepherd dines on mutton steak,
Hath mutton too, to ship;
And always, when the sheep are shorn,
THE SHEPHERD GETS THE CLIP.

The shepherds of the toiling throng
Likewise on guard are found
Attentive to the straying herd
When wolves come prowling round;
And then the shepherds all about
Come flying o'er the green;—
"Protect the helpless poor", they shout,
"O save the poor from Butterine!"

The faithful shepherds with their crooks,
They guard the humble poor,
And while they eat, watch over them
To see their food is "pure".
The shepherds all have tender hearts,
That most intently yearn
To serve the poor with butter from
The faithful shepherds' churn.
And when they eat, or fresh or canned,
Their meat is clean and nice;
It bears the loving shepherds' brand,
Likewise the shepherds' price.

They would inspect their breeches too,
To know if they be cheap,
And made of shoddy, or of wool
Shorn from the shepherd's sheep.

The shepherd dines on mutton steak,
Hath mutton, too, to ship,
And always, when the sheep are shorn,
THE SHEPHERD GETS THE CLIP.

Along the winding trail of years
The shepherds true their flocks pursue,
All armed with crooks and shears,
And patient watch; nor cease,
The while they on their crooks recline,
To note the growing fleece.

The shepherd with the crook divine,
He gathers in the strays,
He herds the flock, and calls them "mine,"
And sings a song of praise
Of fields where pastures green are found,
And ever flowing rills,
Where joy and love and peace abound
Beyond the sun-set hills.
And thus the bleating flock forlorn
Is by the shepherd tolled
Along the pathways old and worn
Into the shepherd's fold.

The shepherd dines on mutton steak,
Hath mutton, too, to ship,
And always, when the sheep are shorn,
THE SHEPHERD GETS THE CLIP.

Where'er the winding trail may lead,
O'er plain or hill or hollow,
O'er barren heath, or grassy mead,
The faithful shepherds follow.
By shady stream, or sunny brook,
Wherever strays the nibbling herd,
Always in some sequestered nook,
A watchful shepherd, day by day,
Reclines upon his crook
And listens to a twittering bird
That sings to him alway:—

"The shepherd dines on mutton steak,
Hath mutton, too, to ship,
And always, when the sheep are shorn,
THE SHEPHERD GETS THE CLIP.

Sometimes a shepherdness appears
Who swings a moral crook.
The reckless little lambs, she fears,
May tumble in the brook.
She shakes her crook at naughty rams,
And keeps an eye on guard
To curb the glee of frisky lambs
That shake their tails too hard.

Her soul with sympathy is stirred;
She hears each plaintive bleat,
And also hears that twittering bird
Whose song is ever sweet:—
"The shepherd dines on mutton steak
Hath mutton, too, to ship,
And always, when the sheep are shorn,
THE SHEPHERD GETS THE CLIP."

THE CLOWN GROWS SERIOUS.

Oh when will man unselfishly
Stand loyal to the right;
And when will Christian charity
Control instead of might?

The weak no more be trampled down,
Or rudely thrust aside
To clear the way for mace and gown
And vulgar churls who ride?

And when will cruel strife abate,
And right and justice lead,
Control the man and rule the State
Instead of selfish greed?

And when will cannon cease to roar
Destroying human life,
And men no longer march to war
To tune of drum and fife?

How long, in name of Liberty,
Shall hypocrites parade,
And in the name of Destiny
Make robbery a trade?

Shall mercenaries flaunt the flag,
And Mercy scorn and flout,
And Justice ever halt and lag,
While vaunting braggarts shout,

And sing paeans of victory?
And shall their loud huzzas
Usurp the reign of Liberty,
Of Justice, and her laws?

How long shall fruit of patient toil
Be heaped in hoards of wealth,
The gathered booty and the spoil
Of ruthless might or stealth?

And shall the right to work and live,
In land where men are free,
Be held a boon a few may give,
Or may deny to me?

Or shall I cringe with fawning smirk
Where wealth and greed combine,
And ask the mob for leave to work,
My hands no longer mine?

And will the unresisting poor,
Content to wait and pray,
Forever patiently endure?
Is there no other way?

Or will they, shouting fierce and loud,
The voice of Reason drown,
And under feet of surging crowd,
But tramp each other down?

I do not know; I cannot say,
I only am the clown.
But this I know: It is their way
To tramp each other down.

The power that monarchs held of old,
That power is all their own;
But now they bow to King of gold,
And grovel at his throne.

Oh, will they never, never, see
The broader larger view,
And in accord and sympathy,
Be to each other true?

Or still pursuing selfish schemes,
Each racing on for gain,
End all their hopes in faded dreams,
While Justice pleads in vain?

Of demagogues the sport and pray,
They rally at their call,
Thinking only of today,
Or thinking not at all.

Like hungry fish they snap the bait,
Heedless of barb within.
Then wriggle on the line, while Fate
Keeps slowly winding in.

And so, however much we wish
To end the reign of Might,
The clown, he thinks that men will fish
Till gudgeons cease to bite.

The time, he fears, may never come,
When men will do the right,
And cease to march to fife and drum
Till bull-dogs cease to fight.

For Self will rule with stern command,
Nor yield the power to Love;—
The world will ever feel his hand,
Though cased in silken glove.

The rude and strong with eager rush
To reach the tempting lure,
Not heeding whom they bruise or crush,
Will trample on the poor.

The weak will still be crowded out,
Or ground beneath the heel
Of surging mob whose lusty shout
Will drown their sad appeal.

"You are no longer needed now,"
Will many times be said
Unto the man with furrowed brow,
When youth and hope are fled.

"Go find a place some other where;
We cast away the old."
And the man with silvered hair
Will shiver in the cold.

Such is the law of selfish strife,
The cruel social creed,
That shuts the sunlight out of life,
And makes a god of greed.

* * *

We find this world, as we go through,
Is full of self and sin,
Of love and hate in mixed ragout,
From London to Pekin.

And selfishness you cannot quell
By singing hymns of Watts;—
You can't put out the fires of hell
With little sprinkle-pots.

The fires of Hell are human sins;
And gentlemen of cloth
All use that fire to warm their shins
And stew their daily broth.

And no one wants the hose turned on
Except he point the spot;
For no one wants the hose turned on
The fire that boils his pot.

And presidential candidate,
As well as common squire,
And e'en a governor of state
Will sometimes poke the fire.

We chase the devil round the stumps,
We make a loud halloo;
And by that means we fool the chumps,
But don't fool me and you.

We organize a grand crusade
To drive all sin away;—
The captain wears a big cockade,
And banners flutter gay.

We all chip in to give them aid,
The band begins to play—
A splendid show out on parade!
They make a grand display.

We march in party phalanx strong
And battle for the right
With noble speech and ringing song;
We make a valiant fight.

And when the victory is won
We "turn the rascals out";
Then do the things that they have done—
'Tis only turn about.

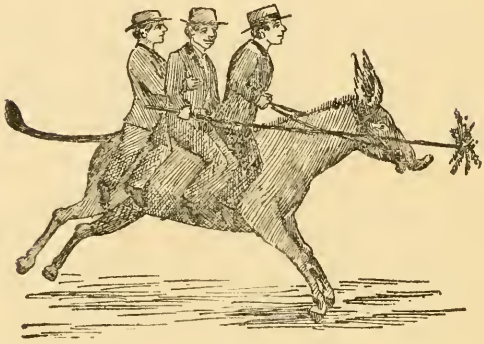
'Tis "ride and hitch"; the patient ass
Of riders gets a change;
But seldom gets a change of grass—
The same old thistle range.

The saddle still is on his back;
And though the ass go lame,
The demagogue, the priest and quack
Will ride him just the same.

His back is bent by heavy loads,
He freezes in the storm;
And then his flanks are pricked with goads
To make the ass reform.

But little heeds he prod or clack;
Though he would seldom balk,
If they who sit astride his back
Would just get off and walk.

On staff poked out beyond his nose
They dangle wisps of hay,
That keep advancing as he goes
To toll him on the way.

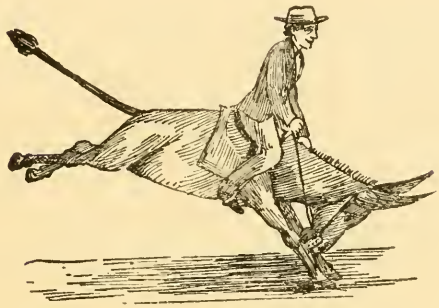


The priest, he guides him through the fog
That shrouds him day by day,
While over hill and through the bog
We hear his mournful bray.

And with the quack and demagogue
To wheedle and cajole,
The patient ass, with steady jog,
Pursues the fleeing goal.

And though a thousand years shall pass,
Death knells of centuries toll,
They still will ride the weary ass,
And still sit cheek by jowl.

The weary ass in vain has tried
To toss them in the air;—
The demagogue comes down astride
And still sits smiling there.



And should he sometime shy and jump
And dump the priest and quack,
The demagogue he cannot dump;
And soon they'll all be back.

And then, though scarred and saddle sore,
He still will chase the goal;—
They'll ride him for ten thousand more,
While years in cycles roll.

* * *

The social problem of today
Is how to banish sin,
Yet not disturb the game we play,
Or hope to play and win.

That problem, ever much the same,
  Is how to throttle crime,
Yet not disturb a quiet game
  That we play all the time.

Reformers ever will abound.
  Out on the winding trails
These tabby cats whirl round and round
  And chase their flying tails.

We keep decrying sin and pelf;
  But sin will still prevail;—
The tabby cat won't bite himself,
  Though he may chase his tail.

And so the world keeps running on
  Today as yesterday;—
And so 'twill be when we are gone;
  The world was made that way.

THE LIGHT AND SHADE.

The Night and Day, twin sisters they;—
  They tag each other round;
The Light and Shade have always played
  Over the same play ground.

They always play together.
  They flit across the leas,
And play among the heather;—
  They dance among the trees—
The Light and Shade together.

Both joy and woe will come and go;
The tide must ever ebb and flow;
And passion's fire, hate and desire,
Will fiercely burn and glow
And slowly then expire.

Sunshine and rain, pleasure and pain,
Our hopes and fears, our smiles and tears,
All follow in one train.
Like Day and Night, like bloom and blight,
All pleasures wax and wane.

Every hill doth have its hollow;
Every shield hath its reverse;
Every joy some grief to follow;
Every pleasure hath its curse.
Sometimes we freeze, sometimes we burn,
And gods and devils reign in turn.

In life's alloy, both grief and joy,
The bitter and the sweet;
The gay and sad, both good and bad,
To make a life complete.

We first are gay, and then we pray;—
The Night comes after Day;
We smile and sigh, we laugh and cry—
The light and shadow play;—
We live and die;—
The world was made that way.

AN INTERRUPTION.

Then came a shout:
"Fresh lemonade!
Good lemonade!
Your fresh, cool lemonade!"
A voice rang out.

The clown was still;
But when the lad had gone,
The Clown again sang on;
His voice was clear and shrill:
"Don't be too meek,
But push your cheek,
Don't be shy;
Don't be afraid,
Make people buy
Your fresh cool lemonade.
Keep up the din,
Rake in the tin:—
That is the way of trade."

FINAL EXHORTATION.

The Clown Grows Cynical.

Keep fighting sin, keep up the din,
When ever it will pay;
Lampoon old Nick, make him step quick,
But don't drive Nick away.

Just swing your stick, give him a lick,
  Whenever he gets gay.
He will adjourn, but soon return;
  He will be back next day.

When he comes back, get on his track,
  And flourish then your stick;
Give him a crack, a sounding whack,
  But *careful;* don't hurt Nick.

Don't strike too hard; he's our old pard;
  But just keep up the play.
Keep fighting sin; keep up the din;
  But Nick is here to stay.

The dog must howl and wail;
The dog must bite, the dog must fight,
The dog must wag his tail.
The seasons come, the season's go;
Summer's bloom succeeds the snow.
We smile and sigh, we laugh and cry,
The light and shadow play;
Then over all the shadows fall,
And Night comes after day.

* * *

The harlequin sat down.
'Twas but a ribald song
Sung by a painted clown;
But at the close,
From the assembled throng,
Cheer on cheer arose,
Applause was loud and long.

THE CLOWN IS SAD.

The clown was sad;
A muffled undertone,
A voice that was not glad,
Revealed a stifled moan.
We knew the clown was sad.
But when the cheers were gone
The clown again arose
And then again sang on.
He sang in softer tone,
And sang a sweeter song.

He sang with gentle art;—
But still that stifled moan,—
Moan of a wounded heart.

HIS SONG.

Methought I sang too long;
But now you call for more;
You listen to his song
And give the clown *en core.*
You thank me for my song;
I thank you for your cheers.
For time is rolling on,
The clown grows old in years.
And, though blythe and gay he seems,
The clown will soon be gone
To land we see in dreams,
That land of hope and fear.
The clown will go alone—
The clown is lonely here.

Through scenes of toil and strife
Always his fate to roam,
The clown, he leads a wandering life,
He makes the world his home.
He sings a merry song
To cheer the weary heart;
He mingles with the passing throng,
And gaily plays his part.
And still the battered clown
Will strive to do his best,
And help the sad old world to drown
Its sorrow in a jest.

But sight is growing dim;
His hair is turning gray;
Old Time is calling him,
Is calling him away;
And the jovial old buffoon,
Though he be blythe and gay,
And sing a merry tune,
Commingling with his rhyme
He hears a sad refrain,
The tuneless voice of Time
Again and yet again
Calling him away.

Old Time, as he goes by,
He calls to king and clown,—
Waits not for song nor sigh,
Nor heeds he smile or frown;
For all alike must die.
The roses bloom and fade,
And all things pass away;—
The sunlight, then the shade;—
The Night comes after Day.

The clown has sung to you
A song that may seem queer;
For he has told you true
How things to him appear.
Though strange to you, no doubt,
The clown has learned to know
The inside and the out;—
He travels with the show.

If you would have the proof,
Just turn the outside in;
Look at the seamy side;—
The seams are stitched with sin
And covered up with pride;
And woven in one woof,
Both good and bad abide.
All twisted in the thread,
The fibers from the heart
By the spindle of the head,
Can ne'er be pulled apart.

For in the loom of Fate
Are mixed the false and true,
Selfish desire and hate,
Love, fear and envy too;
And pure sweet sympathy,
Faith, Hope and Charity,
For the living and the dead,
Are woven through and through,
And mingled in the thread;
Bright strands of silken floss
That on the surface show
In sheen of shimmering gloss.

But ever underneath,
To give the fabric strength,
Encased in silken sheath,
The warp of self and sin,
Throughout the shining length,
Is woven in and in,

To hold the strands in place
That give to life its glow
Of beauty and of grace.

The Night and Day,
Twin sisters they,
They tag each other round;
The light and shade
Have always played
Over the same play ground.
Today we're glad,
Tomorrow sad;
We smile and sigh,
Exult and pray;
We laugh and cry;—
The light and shadow play;—
Throw the shuttle to and fro,
Weave our web, and then we go.
We live and die—
The Night comes after Day.
Good bye.

* * *

The clown was gone; the seats were bare.
I looked; there were no people there.
The tent rose up, hung in the air
A moment, and then went sailing away
Out over the harbor and over the bay;
And on and on for a night and a day
It sailed, and sailed.
It was the balloon of the man from the Moon.

I sat in the basket, was carried along
Sailing into the etherial blue,
Jingling the rhyme of the harlequin's song,
Watching the sky for a hole to sail through,
When a tramp comet came dodging about
Jostled the basket and tumbled me out;—

And I began to shoot
Through the air like a rocket—
I knew it by the flutter of my gown.
I opened up a Bryan parachute
That I carried in my pocket
And came slowly sailing down.

And while circling round and round
Like a swallow on the wing,
I heard a distant, murmuring sound,

I heard an angel sing:—
"Hosan-an-ana;
Hosan-an-ana;—
And then a hum and buzz—
"Banan, anana,
Banan-an-ana;—
Twenty cent a doz";
As the angel came along;
"Banan, banan, banan,"
The finish of my song.
For then I lit. A wild and piercing wail—
The Night Mare jumped and away she flew;
And all I saw was a flash of blue
At the open door where the mare went through,
A swish of her flying tail.

* * *

I heard the traffic on the street,
A rumble far away;
I heard the sound of tramping feet,
I heard a child at play.
I heard a bird chirp in a tree,
A song so happy, clear and sweet,
That I looked out to see.
The sun again was in the sky,
A smiling world all clothed in light
Unto my dream made this reply,
"The Day comes after Night."

END.

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